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AN INCREASE OF THE FREIGHT RATES.

The permission accorded the eastern roads to raise their rate 5 per cent except upon about half their business is applauded in business circles generally, at the same time that one member of the commission declares it to be absolutely immoral.

It is difficult to understand what kind of mind a commissioner has who thinks it is immoral to allow a public service corporation to make a living.

There is hardly a business man in the country who does not know that taken as a whole the railroads have been so narrowed in their income that they have been unable to keep pace with the demand for better service.

The roads have not been allowed to charge a fair return for what they did for the people and at the same time they have been virtually compelled to do business for the government in the way of postal and mail service at a figure millions below what they were entitled to for that service on any fair basis.

As it stands the government still continues to deal unfairly by the roads, but when the business men of the entire country are rejoicing over a slight advance in rates, there is no excuse for a commissioner to insist that the advance is morally wrong.

While the cost of living in every direction has greatly advanced in the last few years, while the cost of labor has risen and the price of supplies to the roads has shared the upward movement to a marked degree, the roads have received a lower rate of income on the average than when the increase in price started in everything else.

It was a question of being allowed to charge something in proportion to the cost of running a road or of lessened power to serve the community, and that meant immense loss to the business world, for transportation is certainly the life of trade to a degree that never was true of competition.

WHERE IS THE GERMAN FLEET HIDING?

Is another big sea battle pending and will it be the decisive one of the European war? There are some who believe this to be the case, although there is no definite information as to the location of the German fleet.

After striking a blow at the British coast, which for impudence and audacity was on a par with the robbery of a police station, the German squadron from Kiel has disappeared into the mists and no one has a very clear or definite idea where it has gone.

The natural assumption is that the ships made for cover at full speed. But did they really do this? Or if some went back to their base, did they all do it? Is there any assurance that during the uproar other ships not yet in evidence may not have taken advantage of the opportunity to slip out into the ocean? If any of these things has happened, where are those German ships now and where are they going?

This question is one of considerable importance to the British nation. The Irish coast, the Bermudas, Newfoundland, Canada, with its winter ports of St. John and Halifax, all naturally loom up as possible objectives, to say nothing of the immense and demoralizing menace which a powerful flying squadron would constitute to British commerce.

It is believed that as many as eight battle cruisers may have participated in the attack on the English coast. Such a fleet could materially cripple if not completely halt merchant shipping on the Atlantic, to the serious menace of the French and British food supplies.

In the absence of positive knowledge to the contrary it is not beyond the possibilities that the Germans may even be seeking the British squadron that recently sunk the German Pacific fleet off the Falkland islands.

Until Great Britain knows definitely whether a German fleet has escaped into the Atlantic and if so how strong a one, it must suffer a great deal of anxiety.

OKLAHOMA'S EDUCATIONAL VENDETTA.

For years past Oklahoma has been cursed by a feud among its educators. Just when this strife began it would be difficult to state. It reached the acute stage half a dozen years ago.

There is a manifest propriety in keeping the office of state superintendent separate and distinct from that of president of the State Teachers' association. Parenthetically, it may be observed that proprieties have never been allowed to cut much of a figure in this struggle for supremacy between these factions in the ranks of Oklahoma education.

It is probably not overstating the facts in the case to say that the display of rancor and malice

which characterized one session of the recent annual meeting of the State Teachers' association is regarded as a disgrace by every sober-minded, thinking citizen of the state who has any knowledge of the circumstances. In the first place the attempt to keep State Superintendent Wilson off the program of that meeting was a piece of pettiness that was utterly unworthy of such a professional association.

That such despicable tactics repeated and resulted in the unexpected election of Mr. Wilson to the presidency of the association was a surprise to Mr. Wilson not less than it was to those who sought to keep his name from the program of the meeting and was only to be expected. In the uproar incident to this occasion the prominence of some of Oklahoma's educational misfits was duly emphasized.

For instance the head of one state institution galloped up and down the aisle of the auditorium, frantically exclaiming as he shouted incoherently, seemingly oblivious to the dignity of his station and the obligation which he owes to the state and its people as a professed teacher of teachers.

It is time to call a halt on the vendetta which has too long been a bane and a disgrace to the teachers' profession in Oklahoma. The deliberate cultivation of a spirit of jealousy and spitefulness is seriously interfering with the efficiency of the educational system of the state. Men do not gather figs from thistles, neither can one hope to see issued from the public schools a generation of manly lads and womanly lasses, at once conscientious and fair-minded as well as proficient in learning.

If all or part of the teachers are given over to the smallness of political intrigue in which jealousy and spite and malice and venom are given free rein, the stream will not be purer than its fountain, neither will the pupils have higher standards and ideals than their teachers.

This is a serious question because it comes home to every parent who has a child in school and to every taxpayer who contributes to the support of the schools. It is very evident that patrons and supporters of the schools must assert themselves if they would put an end to this vicious spirit of strife which is so subversive to the good of the cause of popular education.

WHEN THE GLORIOUS CHANGE COMES.

A glorious change of fashion in women's clothes is coming, for the neck is to be swathed as Sara Bernhardt used to wrap hers. Pneumonia and kindred ailments are to be given a setback just as soon as this change of fashion arrives.

While we are covering our Christmas packages with Red Cross seals to help finance the campaign against tuberculosis, Letty Littlewear trips around town in silk stockings, no petticoat, chiffon waist, and throat and chest protected by a string of beads. Her muff is nearly large enough to ensnare her and she uses it as a shopping bag while negligently draping a fur scarf where it will do the least good, but what cares she? Better be dead than out of fashion.

Letty defends herself by saying that as full dress is undress at social functions, she might as well make it a steady thing and diminish her chances in the way of taking cold, which is really the only excuse to be offered.

We commiserate the poor because of their insufficient clothing and send them sweaters and warm union suits. Meanwhile our well-to-do young women declare such garments perfectly absurd, insist that they are roasted in gauze and make everybody wonder how they stand it. Noses and lips may be unbecomingly purple, but pride apparently manufactures an inner warmth. If fashion decreed the Hottentot full dress, for this latitude would the women attempt to acclimate themselves?

Somehow or other our girls roll through, but because results are not immediately apparent it does not follow they are escaped. The penalty for youthful indiscretion is often paid in middle life and old age, and possibly the next generation would not need so many Red Cross stamps if the girls of today would listen to the doctors.

SELLING TO ALL THE BELLIGERENTS.

The selling of war material to belligerents is a wholly different matter from that complained of by the United States during the civil war. It has been the practice always for neutrals to sell to belligerents, taking only the risk of capture on the high seas when goods were in transit.

All the European countries involved in the present war have over and over again illustrated that practice themselves and their citizens have been glad always to receive and to fill as large orders as they could obtain for war supplies of every kind.

It is a false doctrine that insists that Americans shall observe neutrality by declining to sell to any of those engaged in the conflict and it deprives American industry of one source of revenue that will be obtained elsewhere if not in this country.

In fact it is not taking a neutral attitude at all if one shall decline to sell to either belligerent when one of them may have, as in the present instance, a virtual command of the sea. It is taking sides just as much as if one would sell to one party and refuse to sell to another though the way were open in both instances.

The great quarrel between this country and Great Britain in the civil war period was owing to the neglect of a neutral power to prevent the outfitting of privateers to be used by citizens of a country that was in rebellion against the national authority.

When a people in revolt have not been recognized as an independent nation and have no standing in an international sense, it is taking sides against a government and therefore an unfriendly act to aid its rebellious subjects. Every nation in the world recognizes that distinction as a matter of course.

A Pittsburgh man has given money for the purpose of treating rheumatic patients in Sing Sing with radium. Poor but honest rheumatism victims will no doubt sigh for the rewards of crime.

Notre Dame university gives athletic prizes to those who stand highest, also in classroom work. It is time that learning had some show in the schools of high and low degree.

American houses competing for foreign trade are winning the best consuls for private service in place of public and the more readily since public office has an uncertain tenure.

## PEANUTS IN THE ROASTER

FROZEN—Congealed, usually caused by cold weather, but a stony stare accomplishes the same purpose in polite society.

MAZEME—The dough, possessed in large quantities by farmers who do not own automobiles, can be exchanged for anything except happiness.

CINCH—A sure thing accomplished by coiling a lead pipe about an object and twisting it. See plumb-line bill.

SCENE—Any kind of a sight, also a family row in which two generally take a leading part.

SKATES—Constructed for the purpose of making the person wearing them appear wobbly and in many instances

the appearances are not altogether deceiving; a very good substitute may be obtained by taking some of the boot-legger's product literally.

SANDRAG—A persuasive used on dark nights and usually by a dark man, often yielding large returns. Beware of a dark man.

MUNCH—A pronunciation that something is going to happen; the event that precedes the exclamation "Look who's here!"

GILDED—Yondered in such a way that among the unenlightened it is often more popular than the real thing.

AUTOMOBILE—A machine constructed for the sole purpose of devouring maxims in large chunks.

BOOZE—A fluid frequently used in the construction of skates, except some of that sold by bootleggers, which makes the victim want to fight his grandmother.

1. The town in which James lived was situated on the banks of a stream. One day when the stream was frozen over all the other boys were skating on the ice and Commander Hampton was wondering how much water there was underneath. James went with his sister and stood on the bank in moody silence and a cold wind.

2. The trouble with James was that he had no skates. There was but one pair in the family and his father had them on most of the times. As he stood there shivering James tried to

think of some plan to raise the money to buy a pair. He thought of organizing an oil company, but having another thing coming he realized that the field had already been over-worked.

3. James was not large enough to wield a snubbing and it looked like a cinch that he was against it good and hard.

4. Finally his eyes fell upon a pair of tongs, dropped there by the ice man who had long since formed a trust to sell artificial ice at a high price, but who stalled around the river in winter for the sole purpose of handling each of his customers a lemon in the summer.

5. With a glad shout James sprang forward and seized the tongs. They attracted the attention of the other boys and they left the ice, willing to assist in disposing of the tongs at the junk shop.

6. Refusing the help of the other willing lads, James proceeded to the office of the ice man, confident that he would receive a reward for returning the tongs. The ice man had a hunch that James would expect a fee for his services, therefore he took another turn to appear magnanimous.

7. "Just keep them as a reward for your honesty," he said. The tongs were really too large to be used in handling the 100-pound chunks, any way, since they weighed more than the chunks. James went away and met a dark man on the street.

8. "Aha!" exclaimed the man, reading the countenance of James, which was wide open at the time. "You are in trouble?"

9. The man with the Rock Island smoke complexion took the tongs, glided them the color of old gold and approaching the ice king sold them

to him for a large sum of real money. It was the first time the ice man had ever been offered a gold brick or a pair of gold tongs and he rose to the bait just like one of those trout Henry Martin didn't put in Belle Isle lake.

James really home with about \$20.00 to the good as his share of the evening. James bought his father a ticket to the Chamber of Commerce banquet so that he could get the booze and ecstasies belted out his system.

11. Also he purchased for his mother a pair of hoops, or a set of hoops, or which ever way they are going to come, and an automobile and a piano and a one-piece suit to wear to the San Francisco Exposition.

12. And the last purchased for himself a copy of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.

13. And now everybody knows the whole business thing is a lie.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

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## Goodwill

Our appreciation prompts us to express to you our thanks for the business you have entrusted to us, and we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with prosperity and all good fortune.

Southwestern Electric Company

W. H. Stout, Manager

26 N. Harvey

HER SHARE.

Copyright 1914, by W. Werner.

"And you didn't get the order?" Alice asked resentfully.

"No," said her husband solemnly as he washed his hands at the sink. Or at least his negative was almost solemn; it was not pleasant.

Alice's lips compressed. They were habitually compressed, those straight red lips. Once they had not been so straight, but curved. Each compression seemed to rob them of some fullness that was never restored. And then they opened. Jerry clasp simply bowed his head to the storm and ate his supper silently. He had learned that small was the best when Alice was angry.

She went a little further tonight than she had ever gone in seven years of their married life. She told him he was a failure. He listened in silence. She said she was sorry she married him. He merely sighed. She added that every other master carpenter in town—and some who were very far from being masters—had more work, steadier work, better paid work than he had.

He acknowledged all she said. "I somehow have struck bad luck," he said. "I've been out of luck for some time. That's the excuse Mrs. Graynor gives for her poor head. But other people don't use the word 'poor luck'."

"I'll put my skill against any man's," he plucked up enough spirit to fling back at her. But he subsided at once as her voice rose shrilly from a moderate petulance to a very fury of temper.

"Other people don't seem to think you are so stiff," she ended angrily.

He stared silently across the supper table, seeing not his angry wife, nor the shabby wall paper, but a long

succession of orders that had almost come to him and then swerved to another man, even while he counted upon possession. What was it? Something wrong with his personality, he guessed. He couldn't win out, he knew. He tried to tell something of this to Alice.

She shrugged her shoulders in contempt as he stammered. Certainly his personality was at fault. She'd been trying to impress that very patent fact upon him for these many years. Then she hastily began to clear away the dishes.

"Going some place?" he asked her, with a rather pitiful pretense of good nature. He disliked to quarrel.

"Church society," she answered briefly. "Though," literally, "I'm ashamed to go almost, with every one knowing that you fell down on getting a trifling job like repairing Graynor's house."

"I'm sorry," he said, shortly. "I'd counted on it as much as you. I don't believe I'll go along with you. I'm a bit tired."

Alice tossed her head. She did not want him to go. She almost felt that she never wanted to see him again. Seven years of disillusionment! And

when she married him she had so confidently supposed that happiness, unadulterated and far reaching, lay before them. She felt bitterly that he had deceived her. Seven years back he had given promise of rising to any height. He was a brisk, cheerful chap, confident of his power—so confident that she had taken it hard when she found that confidence was baseless. For it had proved almost baseless. He made enough for them to live comfortably, but no more. And Alice did not call it comfort, compared with what she had expected years before.

She dressed for the so-called. "Though I've worn this dress till I'm ashamed," she commented aloud to herself. And she saw with satisfaction that Jerry, lounging in the living room beyond, had heard. The faint flush that had been in his face since supper deepened to a brick red.

She came out presently, a slim woman, good looking had it not been for the frown upon her face. Jerry did not look up from the book that he had opened, but he said, carelessly: "Shall I come after you?"

"Three blocks?" scornfully. "No, thanks. I'm not afraid."

"Do you want me to go with you?" hesitatingly. "I—"

"No! Thanks!"

Again the red deepened, although it had been deep before. Alice hurried out and up the street. From the house directly across Mr. and Mrs. Graynor were coming, both dressed in party clothes. They too, were going to the social. She hurried faster. In her present angry mood she did not care to talk with them and utter careless pleasantries. She was in no humor to go to the so-called at all, but she had promised to help wait on the tables. She felt out of gear—out of time. She hated Jerry; she was ashamed of Jerry. He was a failure.

"Well, I've done my share," she muttered bitterly. "I've talked and nagged and tried to force him into success. Now I give up."

And then at the steps of the church she forced a smile to her frowning face and murmured to the Willys that it was indeed a lovely evening, and of course they would take in enough money this evening to pay for a new carpet for the church. Mrs. Wilby was a garrulous old lady, whose thoughts and talk began and ended with her beloved church and that church's members. Alice got away from her as soon as they entered and busied herself in slicing cake and arranging sandwiches. It was a relief to her to work hard all evening, although some of the women complained.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before she got herself a sandwich and a piece of cake and sat down to eat them. She took pains to find a chair half concealed by a post and a palm. She did not want to talk. At least twenty people so far had asked why Jerry had not come. She felt that she would scream if she again had to murmur politely, "Jerry was tired—he's been working hard lately." And